

## MRS. COLES'S QUEER WAYS.

**RIDE PENSINGTON, BIRMINGHAM, IN  
NUMBERED BY SERVANTS.**

**She Was Worth Three Millions, but There  
Was Little to Eat in the House, the  
Servants Were Put Out Early, and the  
Caskets Were Never Opened—Her Grand-  
daughter, Brother, Uncle, and Her Son**

**The estate of Mrs. Elizabeth W.  
Coles, who died in December, 1881, leaving an  
estate valued at \$300,000, were settled in  
Birmingham's court yesterday, where  
the contest over her will was begun. There  
was a host of lawyers facing the Supreme  
Court at 10 o'clock, when the case was  
settled. Stephen P. Nash led the lawyers for  
the will and son Robert G. Ingersoll, who  
wore a dark chrysanthemum in his button-  
hole, represented Edward Coles, the eight-  
year-old brother of Mrs. Coles who is  
the contestants. In her will Mrs. Coles pro-  
vided for her brother's family. Edward Coles received nothing, and for  
his six sons Mrs. Coles left but  
\$60,000 out of her millions to be divided  
among them. Edward Coles has begun the  
contest in behalf of his children, and hopes to  
prove that his sister was not of sound mind  
when she signed her will on June 4, 1881. Outside of charitable bequests most of Mrs.  
Coles's estate went to her wife, who goes to the sons  
of her brother Alexander.**

The trial will open to-day, and the stand for the contestants. Matthew Paulson, a profes-  
sional boxer, who was called to the Coles's  
house in Birmingham, to attend Mrs. Coles's  
will, was ill with pneumonia.

"The young man was very low," said the  
witness. "When he saw him, and he looked  
so bad, I got out of the room, and he looked  
so bad that Mrs. Coles would frequently cry at her servants in a rage and dis-  
charge them. He half cried all the time.  
Once Paulson found the cook crying in the  
kitchen, and she complained that she didn't  
get enough to eat. She was very poor,  
but she had a statue of St. Francis in  
the parlor, and it cost \$1000."

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the parlor, and it cost \$1000."

"What you eat is lost, but this is something  
you can't get out of," said the witness.

"A woman who looked the typical English  
butler and who worked with pride to the fact  
that he had once worked for A. T. Stewart, said  
he and Col. Ingersoll that the servants got very  
little to eat, and a ton of coal had to last  
a month.

"Did you ever see Mrs. Coles acting  
unfriendly?" asked Col. Ingersoll.

"There was a picture of her in the picture  
galler, and sometimes I'd see her dancing  
and laughing before it."

"What was done with the food left by the  
servants at their meals?" asked the Colonel.

"There was nothing left," said Butler  
Byrne, dryly.

"What did you have for breakfast?"

"We had cake all made of water," said the  
witness.

"They must have been pretty thin," said the  
Colonel.

"With your Honor," said Mr. Byrne, "there  
was much rice but little to 'em."

Burne said that Mrs. Coles never allowed the  
floors to be swept for fear of wearing out the  
carpeting, and that she would not let any man  
but her son Edward go up the stairs.

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